



NOTHING
BUT LEAVES

LUCK E. AKERMAN

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1874

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

NOTHING
BUT
LEAVES
AND
Other Poems

BY
Lucy E. Akerman



Providence

Trinity Church

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WE.
THEIR CHILDREN
Lovingly Dedicate
TO
OUR DEAR FATHER,
THESE
Poetical Memories
OF
OUR SAINTED
MOTHER.



L. E. A

DIED FEBRUARY 21ST. 1874.

Her life-time grew in beauty,
As rounded as the rose,
More fragrant far, more pure, more rare,
Than any flower that grows.

Plant asphodels above her,
For Oh! she loved them so,
And heliotrope and violets,
And all things sweet that grow.

And cull for her all lilies,
The blooms of poesy.
Her face and words in lovely line
Sang sweeter minstrelsy.

Twine harp with wreath of laurel,
Encircling garnered grain.
The songstress crowned is sleeping now.
We cannot hear a strain

Of sadly singing music.
List for celestial lyre,
The silver string that snapped on earth
Will chord in heavenly choir.

L. M. P



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NOTHING BUT LEAVES

MARK XI. 13.

Nothing but leaves! the Spirit grieves
Over a wasted life;
Sin committed while conscience slept,
Promises made, but never kept,
Hatred, battle and strife;
Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves! no garnered sheaves
Of life's fair, ripened grain;
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds;
We sow our seeds--lo! tares and weeds,
We reap with toil and pain
Nothing but leaves

Nothing but leaves! memory weaves
No veil to screen the past;
As we retrace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day,
We find sadly at last
Nothing but leaves

And shall we meet the Master so,
Bearing our withered leaves?
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit--
We stand before Him humble, mute.
Waiting the words He breathes--
"Nothing but leaves?"

THE BABY.

Another little wave
Upon the sea of life;
Another soul to save,
Amid its toil and strife.

Two more little feet
To walk the dusty road;
To choose where two paths meet
The narrow, or the broad.

Two more little hands
To work for good or ill;
Two more little eyes;
Another little will.

Another heart to love,
Receiving love again;
And so the baby came
A thing of joy and pain.

BABY GEM.

Bessie's darling, Baby Gem!
Truly call her pearl;
Would Bessie give for Orient toy,
The heart all in a whirl
Of joy, and glee and ecstasy,
Or thousand little wiles
That play like rainbows o'er her face.
Whenever baby smiles?

The diamond is a gorgeous gem,
Its lustre never dies;
Would Bessie for the diamond's glare.
Give baby's soul-lit eyes?
A thread of gold is rich and prized;
Its woof is wondrous fair;
Not for spun gold would Bessie give
Her baby's sunny hair.

No! emerald and amethyst
May spread their lures in vain;
For Bessie and her Baby Gem
Are bound with love's strong chain.
Stronger than life, stronger than death,
The chain by angels wrought;
And Bessie's love for Baby Gem
With holy joy is fraught.

WILLIE.

AGED EIGHT MONTHS.

Dear Willie came with angel eyes,
And holy look of "pleased surprise,"
As if direct from Paradise.

Did Raphael have him in his mind?
No sweeter could he hope to find,
When painting his cherubic kind.

He fills the house with sunshine-rays,
And makes the days all pleasant days,
So gracious are his winsome ways.

Pet names are showered on his head,
And blessings floated o'er his bed,
Mingled with prayers for "daily bread."

We call him "lambkin," "precious bird,"
And "treasure-trove," most loving word,
And all fond names that e'er were heard.

We dare not worship, but bow down
With loyal love before his throne,
Love that will live when time has flown.

A peerless prince! No crowned king
Can more obedient subjects bring,
Than they who "viva la" Willie sing.



TO CHARLIE AND WALTER.

One day the tiny baby came;
Already he is known to fame,---
Sweet Herbert Irving is his name.

His eyes are blue as summer skies;
His cheeks are pink as blossom dyes,
And, O, he looks so very wise.

And smiles come rippling o'er his face,
And dimples to the smiles give place,
Enchanting all with infant grace.

I do believe his heart has grown
As large as mother's, and is sown
With love-flowers, which are quickly thrown

To every one as he comes near,
Starry and golden they appear,
And each one calls him "little dear"

I think sometimes he'll play with me,
And climb the famous walnut tree;
Chase butterflies and humble-bee.

Exploring go to sylvan wood,
To watch the squirrels hide their food,
And see the birdies nurse their brood.

I'll show him where the violets grow,
Green moss, and daisies white as snow,
And where the tinkling brooklets flow

To baby-brother I'll be kind,
And if he frets me, never mind;
By loving him, his love I'll find.



BELLE'S BABY.

Baby Beautiful came to Belle
Evermore in her heart to dwell,
With love no mortal tongue can tell.

Baby Beautiful spreads her wings;
Angelic now she seems, and flings
A halo o'er all earthly things.

Baby Beautiful wears a smile;
A cherub sits by Belle the while,
Innocence free from every guile.

Benisons on the darling child!
Pansies, violets, roses wild
Budded and bloomed when baby smiled.

Baby Beautiful! may no tears
Dim her eyes, nor wearying fears
Cast their shadows in coming years.

RAIN AND WIND.

FOR CHARLIE, (BY REQUEST.)

The Rain-king slowly sailing by,
Saw a fairy-flower
Faint, drooping in the noontide heat,
Thirsting for a shower.

"Aha!" said he, "here's work for me."
And softly sprinkled dew
O'er leaf and bud and grassy earth,
While round the birdies flew.

"I'll call my brother, Wind," said Rain,
"To fan the fairy-flower,
He's just behind the garden gate,
Sleeping in the bower."

Then Wind came out with zephyr's grace,
And kissed the winsome thing,
When lo! appeared a golden cup,
A flow'ret of the Spring.

Thus Wind and Rain together worked
To make the King-cup grow,
Then Wind flew off to raise a kite,
And Rain to make a bow.

OUR ANGELS.

Two angels always walk with us,
E'en now they're by our side;
One on the right, one on the left
With noiseless step they glide

One has radiant starry wings,
And countenance of light
Wherein are mirrored all pure thoughts,
All holy things and bright.

Submission, patience, holy love,
Devotion, charity
That suffereth long, is from above,
The greatest of the three.

The other---see his wings, earth-stained,
Are trailing in the dust,
While on his brow, deep marked, you read
Of envy, pride and lust;

And greed of gold and orphans' wrongs,
Of avarice and hate;
While every passion, every sin
To do his bidding wait.



He, too, with music stirs the air,
A dirge-chant greets our ear,---
Of virtue lost, of hope betrayed,---
We shudder while we hear.

Two angels always walk with us,
E'en now they're by our side;
And we may choose which e'er we will,
Through life to be our guide.



THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

Dearly I love the children,
The little winsome things;
White-robed are they, for innocence
O'er them its halo flings.

I know this world is purer
For children being here;
They walk by faith, the children,
And never feel a fear.

"What leaves are to the forest,"
Aye, daisies to the fields,
And stars to heaven, are children;
To us from crime a shield.

Are not they of the kingdom?
Burdened with sense of sin
The earth-stained turn from heaven's gate,
The children enter in.

"THE BEAUTIFUL CHILD JESUS."

The beautiful child Jesus!

Come, children, come and see
The wondrous beauty of his face,
Its dove-like purity.

'Tis not an earthly beauty,
As mortals love to trace;
But holiness and gentleness
Give it refulgent grace.

And ever circling round his head,
There is a radiant light;
So, children, do his precious words
Shine out through darkest night.

The beautiful child Jesus!

Come, children, learn to pray;
Of him who taught us how to ask,
Our bread from day to day.

The beautiful child Jesus!

Come, children, learn to live;
Like him who taught us foes to bless,
To pity and forgive.

The beautiful child Jesus!

Oh! may we live and die,
Bearing his cross upon the earth,
Wearing a crown on high.



SUMMER DAYS

The Summer days have come again,
The days for which I pined;
I hear the whispering of the grass,
The sighing of the wind.

I feel new life within me glow,
Of holier, heavenlier birth,
As I watch the flowers springing,
Fresh from the mother earth.

Voices I hear in rustling leaves,
Voices from spirit-land;
And music of the lily bells
Tells of an angel band.

We read,---"Our life is but a span,"
Yet, in one Summer day,
I seem to live whole weeks and months,
Beneath its gentle sway.

The Summer days have come again,
The days for which I pined;
I hear the whispering of the grass,
The sighing of the wind

WEARY WAITING.

REPLY TO "SUMMER LONGINGS."

"Ah! my heart is weary waiting--
Waiting for the May."

I am weary, weary waiting.
Waiting for the May;
I would see the fresh grass springing,
I would hear the children singing,
Singing at their play.

I am weary waiting, weary
For the Summer day;
For the many-tinted flowers,
For the leafy, greenwood bowers,
Bowers bright and gay.

I am waiting, waiting weary,
Weary for the May;
Oh, to see the water spraying!
See the sparkling fountains playing,
Playing all the day.

I am weary, waiting, sighing,
Sighing for the May;
I would see the red clouds flushing,
Hear the whirr of bird wings rushing,
Rushing on their way.

I am tired of storm and wind-cloud,
Darkness, gloom alway;
Tall trees leafless, snow-clad, dreary.
Bird songs hushed; Oh! I am weary,
Weary for the May.





THE WESTERN LIGHT AT SUNSET

The brilliant Western light !
Whence the spell
It weaves around my heart ?
Who can tell ?

The lovely Western light !
Holy light !
Calm its glow, ere it sinks
Into night.

Holy light ! As I gaze,
I commune
With angels, and my heart
Is in tune.

Far beyond I would soar,
For I know
Music there is floating,
Soft and low.

'Tis a glimpse of Heaven !
Oh ! may I
Find as bright a Heaven,
When I die.

REPLY

THE CRICKETS ARE CHIRPING THE SUMMER AWAY.

The crickets have chirped the Summer away.

The harvest has been and gone---
The gleaners walk with mournful talk,
(Bearing their sheaves of corn),
Of the Winter coming in sad array,
Now the crickets have chirped the Summer away

The crickets have chirped the Summer away;

And a thousand hearts are crushed;
Fair, bright young life ended in strife;
A thousand voices are hushed;
No longer is heard the haunting lay
Of the crickets chirping the Summer away

The crickets have chirped the Summer away;

The Summer with lilac bloom,
And blossoms red have paled and fled;
The lily has found its tomb;
Ah! grasses grew brown and mosses turned gray.
As crickets were chirping the Summer away.

The harebell has tolled its requiem-chant
For the brave who sank to rest
Where the cannon's roar boomed out from the shore,
Or beneath the sea-wave's crest;
As the sun went down on that August day,
We knew that the Summer was chirped away

But a light is gleaming through poplar tops,
Its rays a beacon for all;
O rainbow hue, golden and blue,
A guide lest mortals should fall;
'Tis a promise we know of a Summer day
That is coming, and ne'er can be chirped away.



TO THE FIGURE OF TIME,

IN THE PROCESSION OF ANTIQUES AND HORRIBLES.

Whither art marching, Father Time?

Where the two worlds meet?

We, gazers on, are marching too,

With rapid, hurrying feet.

Seldom we see thy ancient form;

We know thou'rt passing by

With scythe and glass; at thy approach

Quickly our moments fly.

Men talk against thee, call thee old,

And dull, and cold of heart;

Say thou destroyest monuments

And other works of art.

Some even talk of killing thee!

But with majestic stride,

Thou marchest on, defying those

Who their full time must bide.

But others are thy firmest friends,
And love the sunny hours
Thou scatterest round, oh, many-hued
As Summer's glorious flowers.

Deal gently with us, Father Time!
Turn not thy glass too soon;
Oh! cut not off the golden thread
Of life, ere yet 'tis noon.



THE SOUL'S IMAGE.

What image and superscription does our soul wear—the earthly or the heavenly?—"—LOTHROP'S SERMON.

What superscription, O my soul!
What image dost thou bear?
Do earth-stains mar its loveliness?
Is guilt reflected there?

What image dost thou wear, my soul,
Inwrought with life-long toil?
The heavenly, bringing precious hope,
Free from life's dust and soil?

Does holy love the impress leave?
Is charity within?
Is the soul's image bright and pure,
Or is it dimmed by sin?

Oh, I would bear thy image, Christ!
Engraved upon my soul;
With thee in pastures green would walk,
Until I reach the goal.



HUMAN LOVE

O Human Love, O Human Love,
What shall thy mission be?
To walk abroad o'er all the earth,
Binding all hearts to thee.

None are so rich they need thee not;
The poor will bid thee stay;
The wretched will be happier
For thy illumined ray.

Press closer to thy breast the babe
Left motherless and lone;
Walk by the side of youth, and sing
Sweet songs of joyous tone.

Watch by the aged, weave thy spell
So they forget their tears;
Tend them with patient graciousness,
And soothe away their fears.

Then spread thy wings, enfold each poor
Grief-stricken child of earth;
Whisper of Heaven, and lead the way
Until the second birth.

UP THE HILL.

Up the hill! But yesternight
We gained the highest peak;
Our feet are weary with the march,
Our spirits faint and weak.

Up at last! What have we gained?
On either side the hill,
The flow'rets grew with fragrance strange---
For us to choose at will.

But we---we chose the flaunting weeds,
And would not step aside
For blossoms of Humility,
But grasped the thorns of Pride.

We looked not for the deathless flowers
Of the fair Patience-tree,
But culled the flaming Anger-buds---
Their poison would not see.

We gathered sprays of paly blooms
And bound them in our hair;
Ah me! 'twas Envy's deadly vine,
That we had thought so fair.

And now we're up, with both hands full
Of weeds, sere, withered, dead---
The beauty that allured us gone,
And all their perfume fled.

Come, throw away the worthless things;
We must descend the hill;
I see the fair Eternal flowers
Growing in beauty still.

Then haste to gather while we may,
Ere at its foot we lie;
Weave coronals of Grace and Truth,
To wear beyond the sky.



THE PAINTED CHAMBER.

All have a painted chamber,
A chamber in the brain,
Wherein they hang up pictures,
As seasons wax and wane

And every day they vary,
These pictures quaint and rare,
One never wearies gazing,
They are so wondrous fair

Oh, beautiful the faces
That hang upon the wall!
Hangs, shaded by a curtain,
The face best loved of all.

Lovely and meek and holy,
The look from out their eyes,
Some mortals are, some angels
Beyond the veiled skies.

There is, far in the distance,
A fair and stately tree;
Its branches shade the door-stone,
Where children used to be.

Adown the walk, the sunbeam
Gleams with a golden light;
The butter-cup and clover
Bloom ever fair and bright

Green moss, like richest velvet,
Is growing by the well;
The sparkling water laveth
Each tiny nook and cell.

* * * * *

Said I that no one wearied?
Ah me! ah me! I ween,
The pictures may be shrouded;
Clouds float o'er every scene.

All have a painted chamber,
A chamber in the brain,
Wherein they hang up pictures,
As seasons wax and wane.



TO O. W. H

Hanging in Mem'ry's lofty hall
Are pictures that you paint:
They come re-tinted with new grace,
And frames all carved and quaint

Oh! well I know the "river Charles,"
In childhood's sunny day,
I stood upon the olden bridge
And saw the blue waves play.

The "ancient church" "with lowly tower,"---
Far back in morning land,
They dressed the church with evergreen,
And took me by the hand,

And led me in to see the wreaths,
And hear the organ's tone:
Methinks I hear the music now
When musing and alone.

The "sister church" with "glitt'ring vase"
'Twas there sweet counsel fell
On listening ears, from lips revered---
I love that church full well.

"Pride pillared stone," the "Vassal tomb,"
The "Goblet and the Sun;"
Oft by its side mid weeds and grass,
My childish feet have run.

I know the tree where Katy-did
Hid when she sung her song;
O happy tree, to have the tale,
Which Kate had kept so long.

It is an "Elm," its graceful boughs
Hang arching o'er the street;
Its "girdle" measures eight good yards,
Its height is eighty feet.

The ancient maiden sisters three;---
I know the painting true.
The tiny picture-books they sold
I loved as well as you.

They used to cut their skeins of silk
And hang them o'er a line,
And for a penny you could buy
A needlefull of fine,

Or coarse, pink, blue or red,
To work a sampler gay.
Perhaps you know they had such things
In that old-fashioned day.

Dear souls, I never dreamed them poor,
They always dressed so gay;
"The Ladies Howe"---I used to hear
The common people say

Hanging in Mem'ry's lofty hall
Are pictures that you paint:
They come re-tinted with new grace
And frames all carved and quaint.



TO J. J. M.

ON RECEIVING THIS AUTOGRAPH OF J. G. WHITTIER.

"Do thine own work ; it shall succeed
In thine, or in another's day :
And if denied the victor's meed
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay "

Thanks for thy graceful gift ; to me it tells
Of all sweet sounds, and as the music swells,
Through all I hear the the peal of Freedom's bells.

Thanks for the poet's song ; henceforth to me
For all Life's work a motto it shall be,
Although the victor's meed I may not see.

Thanks for the poet's name ; serene the light
That glints across the page, a halo bright
Like star that gleams from Heaven. a guide by night



THE MAN IN THE MOON.

They say he lives up in a tree ;
Pray, are his trees like ours ?
And do the branches twine around,
Forming green shady bowers ?

Or are they dry and shriveled things,
All leafless, scathed and bare ?
Now tell us, Ancient Luna Man,
What dost thou do up there ?

Man in the Moon ! Man in the Moon !
Of some use you must be ;
Perhaps you saw your branches off,
And give in charity,

To those who have no wood or branch,
Or tree-top of their own ;
That must be it ! and that is why,
Thy name has always shone.

ISSACHAR.

GENESIS : XLIX. 14, 15,

Rise to thy feet, O Issachar!
Stand firm; thy burden bear;
For thou art strong. From off thy limbs
The chains of bondage tear.

Bear up thy burden, Issachar!
No longer crouch a slave.
Oh! seek not for inglorious peace,
And find inglorious grave.

The foe's upon thee, Issachar!
His banner on thy walls,
And floating with its serpent guise
In thy ancestral halls.

Stay not to see the "pleasant land,"
Say not of rest, "'tis good;"
The foe's upon thee, Issachar,
O'erwhelming as a flood.

Rise to thy feet, O Issachar!
Stand firm; thy burden bear;
For thou art strong. From off thy limbs
The chains of bondage tear.

CHARLES SUMNER. OF BOSTON

"Three hundred and thirty-three members answered to their names, with the words, "CHARLES SUMNER, of Boston;" and as the Clerk responded with the same words to each vote, they rang upon the ears of the large assembly, more than six hundred times during the hour occupied with calling the roll."

"It is said no sound is ever lost; that every word uttered upon earth, is echoed and re-echoed through space, for ever."

Old Massachusetts! nobly thou
This day thy work hast done;
Proudly thou speakest for the right,
And for thy honored son.

Three hundred voices on the air,
Ringing the loved name forth;
Three hundred voices echoing back,
"Charles Sumner," of the North!

Throughout the land, beyond the sea,
The voices will be heard;
His name shall stand for Liberty,
The freeman's rallying word.



Throughout the land, beyond the sea,
Above in arches high,
Voices are ever echoing
A name that ne'er will die.

Unfurl the banners! even now
The stars more brightly shine;
Is one more glorious than the rest?
Old Bay State, it is thine.

Gather fresh laurels, twine two wreaths,
Wreaths for a victory won;
Loved Massachusetts, one for thee,
One for thy chosen son.



THE POOR.

WRITTEN FOR A CHARITY FAIR.

The poor! they daily walk with us,
The dusty path of life;
And weary, weary is the part
They take in human strife.

The poor! they always are with us;
We cannot feel or know,
The bitter of their bitterness,
Their misery or woe.

The poor! they soon shall rest with us.
Together we shall lie;
Ah, what is then the lurid glare
Of gold, to them who die?

The poor! they soon shall rise with us.
There is a better land;
And there, before the Father's throne,
Together we shall stand.

Aid for the poor! give aid! give bread!
And with the bread, give life!
For weary, weary is the part,
They take in human strife.

AN APPEAL

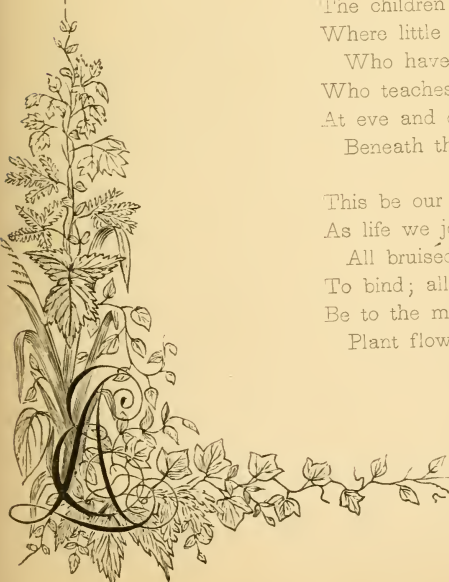
WRITTEN FOR A CHARITY FAIR.

See ye the poor that wait,
At the fair city's gate,
Hungry for bread?
Hear ye the wailing cry
From those who starve and die
When hope has fled?

Know ye the thousand hearts
That break, when life departs
Freighted with grief,
Temptation, doubts and fears,
And human anguish-tears,
With no relief?

The children! who can tell
Where little children dwell
Who have no home?
Who teaches them to pray
At eve and dawn of day,
Beneath the dome?

This be our work to do,
As life we journey through,
All bruised reeds
To bind; all hearts to cheer;
Be to the mourner near;
Plant flowers for weeds.



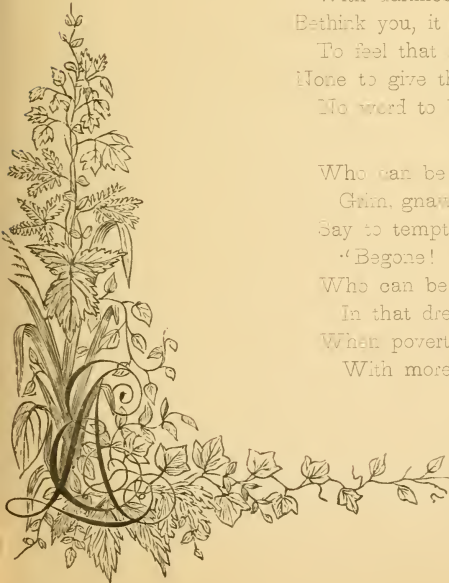
PLEADINGS

WRITTEN FOR A CHARITY FAIR

The winter, chill and dreary,
Is sitting by the door;
The poor a-cold and weary,
No carpet on the floor,
No bread within the cupboard,
Within the grate no fire;
Watch lest he gain an entrance
To them misfortune dire.

When sickness comes appalling,
Within the home no light;
Death! They alone must meet it
With darkness and the night
Bethink you, it is fearful
To feel that death is near--
None to give the water-cup
No word to bless or cheer

Who can be good with hunger
Gnawing at the heart?
Say to temptation glittering
"Begone! From me depart."
Who can be pure and holy
In that dread bitter hour
When poverty enfolds them
With more than iron power



Come then, dear Mercy's sisters.

With healing on your wings.

Sweet Charity precedeth

And always sunshine brings

Visit the lowly dwelling,

Keep winter from the door,

And o'er the broken-hearted

The oil of gladness pour.



HYMN.

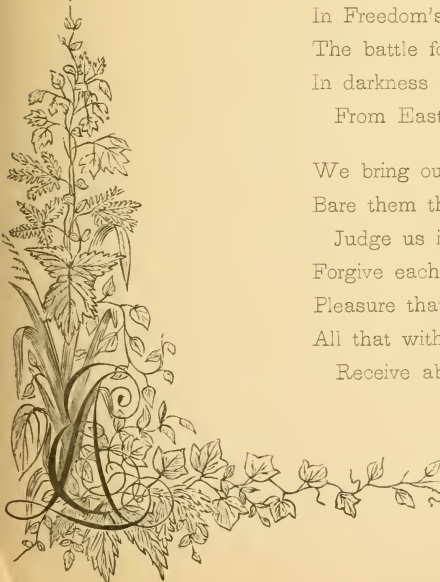
WRITTEN FOR THE BOSTON UNITARIAN FESTIVAL. 1868.

Swing censers in the air,
Filled with sweet incense, prayer

Our pæans raise
To God the Holy One,
Through Jesus Christ, His Son.
Who hath the victory won,
Glory and praise.

God bless our native land;
And bless the noble band
Who have gone forth
In Freedom's cause to fight
The battle for the right,
In darkness to shed light
From East, West, North.

We bring our hearts to thee,
Bare them that thou may'st see
Judge us in love.
Forgive each idle thought,
Pleasure that sin hath bought.
All that with grace is fraught,
Receive above.



In this calm hour draw near
Incline Thine ear to hear,
Keep us this night
Lead us forever more
By the bright heavenward shore
Till life for us be o'er, -
Then comes the light



LINES

FOR

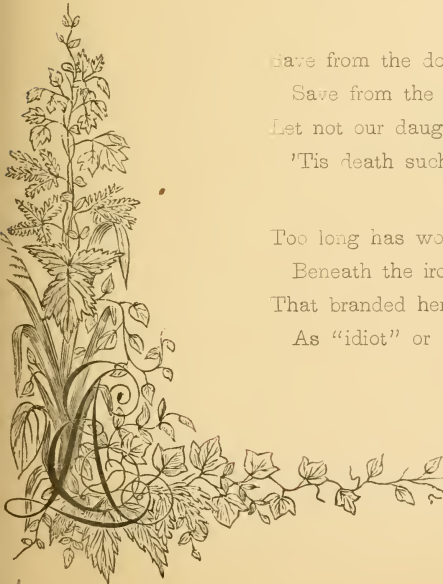
WOMAN SUFFRAGE DEDICATION SUPPER.

Build high the temple, let it stand,
With battlement and tower,
A monument in our fair land
Of woman's queenly power

And from its minarets and dome,
Let flag and pennon wave,
With this inscription, "Woman, come,
Thy sister woman save."

Save from the downward path of shame
Save from the drunkard's grasp;
Let not our daughters bear his name;
'Tis death such hand to clasp.

Too long has woman bent to earth
Beneath the iron rule
That branded her from very birth
As "idiot" or "fool."



See to it, sisters, that your laws
Are all for woman's weal;
That each one is, without a clause,
Holy, and with God's seal.

Build the fair temple; let it stand,
With battlement and tower,
A miracle in our dear land
Of woman's queenly power



GOOD NIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE MECHANICS' ASSOCIATION FESTIVAL

Good night! the fairy-winged Hours
Have flitted swiftly by;
This what they whispered ere they passed
Into Eternity.

"O we would have forevermore,
This place a hallowed shrine,
For noble thoughts in coming years,
And mem'ries of lang syne.

"Be first in every worthy cause;
Be first to think, to plan,
To act, whene'er 'twill elevate
And bless thy fellow man.

"O we would have forevermore, &c.

"Thy fathers left a goodly name
Engraved upon the roll,
See to it that no mar or blot,
E'er comes to stain the scroll.

"O we would have forevermore, &c."

This what they whispered; the last Hour
Passed quickly out of sight;
And listening still, I caught the words,
"Good night, good night, good night!
O we would have forevermore."

But go we East, or go we West,
We'll keep the mem'ry bright,
Of these fair Hours, and this gay scene.
Good night, good night, good night!
O we would walk forevermore,
As in the blessed light:
We pledge the fairy-winged Hours,
Good night, good night, good night!



A GREETING

TO

CARER METCALF ON HIS 90TH BIRTHDAY

TUNE---"AULD LANG SYNE."

From distant homes we come to-day
Thy presence, friend, to greet;
Of love and reverence weave a wreath,
And cast it at thy feet.

We bid thee welcome; here beneath
The "Elm" tree's pleasant shade.
Where infancy's glad dreams were dreamed,
And boyhood's plans were made;

Where manhood's visions dawned, how fair!
Rose-tinted every cloud;
And "ships at sea" gleamed out full sail,
Each one with gilded shroud.

We bid thee welcome now as then,
Green is the old "Elm" tree,
And with the music of its leaves
Makes ceaseless melody.

Father and Mother, both are here,
Brothers and Sisters all;
Some from the spirit-land afar,
Give answer to the call.

And while beneath the old "Elm" tree,
We meet the living throng,
We'll not forget the loving friends.
Who join with us in song.

O, length of days has been thy boon;
Life counted out by years;
May all thy present be serene;
Thy future without fears.

And when sweet thoughts of other days
On sparkling wings flit by,
May this fair scene beneath the "Elm,"
Live in thy memory.

JULY 22^d, 1867.



A WELCOME

TO

REV. AUGUSTUS WOODBURY, ON HIS RETURN FROM EUROPE.

The time for singing birds has come,*
The flowers are in the land.
Our pastor keeps his faith with us,
And with his little band
Is safely moored in peaceful bay.
The perils of the sea,
The drear night-watch, the stormy clouds
And dangers on the lea

Have passed away. We all unite
To give him welcome home,
To pray with us, commune with us,
As, standing 'neath the dome,
He points the way to God and truth,
The way to live on earth,
That dying we may find that death
To us is only birth.

*MR. WOODBURY, in his last discourse before his departure, said
"when the time of the singing of birds is come, I will be with you again."

O'er land of beauty, land of song,
He wandered far and wide,
But to his fair, free land he turned
His face at even-tide.
Our pastor keeps his faith with us
And in this glad Spring-time
We bid him welcome home again
From distant foreign clime.

Give God the praise! Who stayed the storm,
Who rules on sea and land,
Who sets his angel-watch and holds
The waters in his hand.
Give God the praise forever more!
High let the choral rise;
Higher! Till all of space is filled
Beneath the azure skies.



THE LOYAL NORTH.

Ring out, ring out with clarion shout.

Thy loyal voice, O North!

From off thy hills, beside thy rills.

Bid thy brave sons come forth

Come forth, come forth, O loyal North.

And meet the rebel band.

Unfurl the flag and never lag,

Till o'er our entire land

It floats and waves, o'er homes and groves,

Aye o'er our country free.

Ring out, ring out with clarion shout,

The call of Liberty.

No traitor hearts, no dastard arts,

But loyal every breast,

Till each brave son himself hath won

The eagle for his crest.

Come forth, come forth, O loyal North!

And write on Hist'ry's page

Bright deeds of fame; come trace thy name

For all the coming age.



THE BARBERRY

Beautiful bush, beautiful bush
With leaves of sortest green,
Pointed and fringed and edged with pink,
Loveliest ever seen.

Its flowers of light are palmrose-hued,
Rose-shaped, with perfume filled,
Scenting the air with fragrance rare,
Aroma sweet distilled.

Watch for the fruit, how wonderful!
Gleaming where sunlight leads,
Flushing and bushing red each day,
And shaped like Eastern beads.

I see the beads brimming with wine,
Welcome to fevered lips,
And hear the murmured blessing given
By every one who sips.

Each has a favorite flower,
Or shrub, or vine, or tree,
In characters of gold inscribe
The name of Barberry.

THE TWO PEARLS

"Each several gate was of one pearl."—*Isaiah*

The gate of pearl before our eyes,
The gate of purity;
Shining as a beacon light
Guide to futurity!

The wondrous gate---ah! we behold!
But who shall enter in?
All those who love the Lord: whose hearts
Are purified from sin!

The pearl of price within our hearts,
And we may enter in;
Lord, teach us so to live our lives
That we the prize may win.

The pearl of price within our hearts,
So we may trusting wait,
Dear Christ, thine own appointed time
To enter in the gate.

IDOLS.

I made an idol fair,
Set it on high,
With pearls adorned its hair
Then the bright sky

Shimmered its gold and blue
On arms, face, neck;
Of dust with earthy hue
There was no fleck.

Of truth I wove a chain
Studded with stars,
Arrayed my god: in vain
I looked for scars.

A lovely, perfect thing
Whispered my pride.
What could a shadow fling
Close to my side?

The sun came slowly up
Bringing the day.
Oh! disappointment's cup.
My idol---clay!

THE RIVER OF LIFE

"Those who have fallen worn out by their march through the Desert have dreamed at least of a River of Life, and thought they heard its murmurs as they lay lying."--THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

Worn with the Desert march,
Earth's pilgrim rests--to die;
Comes sleep and brings a blessed dream,
A lulling sound like silv'ry stream
Of water flowing by.

The murmur of thy waves,
River of Life, he hears,
Tipping over the golden sand
That forms the shore of Eden land:
No longer now he fears

River of Death, thy tide,
Whose sad moans never cease.
Dying he hears the joyous sound,
Of living water sought and found,
And with him all is peace.

THE UNKNOWN SHORE

The unknown shore, the unknown shore—

I see it in my dreams;

And in my blissful waking hours

So beautiful it seems!

I fain would launch my earthly bark

Upon the open sea,

To reach the distant unknown shore,

So radiant to me.

Oh flower bedecked! O dew begemmed!

The wondrous unknown shore!

And they who stand upon its banks,

Nor weep nor sorrow more.

Green pastures lie the entire way;

The water by it flows;

The Saviour's flowers, lilies, grow

Beside the Sharon rose.

The yellow flood comes shimmering down,

Palm trees are bathed in light;

Out from among the branches, flit

Strange birds with plumage bright,

Silver and white and gold.

Bird-notes are heard 'mid rustling leaves

Harp-tones are floating o'er;

Seraphic songs by seraphs sung,

Echo on that fair shore.

I see no spectre on the shore
The living Christ is there!
He beckons me with open hand
He listens to my prayer
O soul, go forth without a fear
To find the unknown shore.
And all thy dread and all thy doubts
Thy darkness, all are o'er



"THE STREET CALLED STRAIGHT"

Acts IX: 11.

Can you see the beautiful street,
The wonderful street called Straight?
At the end is the jasper gate;
The path is marked by the feet
Of the saints and martyrs who marched
On to the city of God;
O'er briars and thistles they trod,
Through deserts sandy and parched,

Till they found the beautiful street,
With trees of cedar and palm;
And their tremulous hearts grew calm.
When they saw the vision sweet
Pray that we, too, may find the street;
Oh! pray we may walk therein,
With spirits unclouded by sin,
May we kneel and the Master greet.

HEREAFTER

"Hereafter is close at hand."—E. B. HALL, D. D.

Hereafter! it has seemed afar,
The strange, mysterious land;
We see its golden turrets gleam,
And find it close at hand.

Close at hand---we may not wait
Long, weary, anxious years,
Daily we near the lofty gate,
Through trials, grief and tears

Daily we near the lofty gate;
Beyond--ah! who can tell
What glories wait for those of earth
Whose work is finished well?

Daily we near the lofty gate---
The portal of that land
Wherein dwell friends long entered in,
A loved and loving band.

Hereafter! it is close at hand;
Trim we our lamps, and wait.
And pray, and watch; at dawn, at eve,
Be constant at the gate!

BABY SLEEPS.

A sigh upon the air,
As baby's lamp grew dim.
Damp on the golden hair,
And baby went to Him

Who bade the children come---
Who said, "Forbid them not:"
He took the baby home---
O! blessed, happy lot!

White flowers wreathed around
The one fair central flower,
Strew leaves, make soft the ground---
'Tis baby's resting-hour.

Another little mound,
More flowers wet with tears;
The baby's sleep is sound---
No dreams, no griefs, no fears!

AGNES.

There was a rushing in the air!
Were angels passing by?
Strange music! do the angels sing
When the pure-hearted die?

* * * *

A little child of lovely form,
Was fading fast away;
Watch, father! for she may not see
Morn of another day.

Hush! for the dying child doth speak,
With accents low and clear;---
"Do not be angry, if I die,
Not angry, father, dear."

"Oh! gladly would I stay with thee,
But, father, they are nigh,---
The angels with their shining wings,
Speak! shall I stay---or die?"

* * * *

Sadly he decked her for the grave,
His beauteous child and good,
He brought her birthday dress of white,
And little golden hood.

* * * *

Thou wast an angel on the earth,
Bright, beautiful and mild;
An angel now in heaven thou art,
Sweet Agnes---Dürer's child.



PAUL AKERS.

"His very name is a tribute to his religious sensibilities, it was bestowed on him in sport, because of his grave rebuke of the profanity of his young companions, and his serious views of life. Christened Benjamin, he was nicknamed "St. Paul," and by the latter name he became endeared to his friends and known to fame."—TUCKERMAN'S AMERICAN ARTIST LIFE.

Early he won a sainted name,
More lustrous than the after fame
Which from his distant Roma came.

O, record written for all time;
O, record heard through every clime
And through eternity sublime!

'Tis meet that violets should grow
Above his grave, and soft winds blow
The cherry-blooms, in rifts, like snow.

The maple-trees in tassels red
Should wave in beauty o'er his head,
And loving branches o'er him spread.

The bees will hum and birds will sing,
And river Saco gently ring
Her liquid notes, like living thing.

To all such beauty he was wed,
Friends will stand, with reverent tread,
Beside his purple-flowered bed.

The pine tree sighs with perfumed breath,
Whispers of life---no word of death;
"Enter ye in," the Master saith.



COL. ROBERT G. SHAW.

"The Rebels buried him under twenty-five of his colored soldiers!"

Egyptian marble! Thus they raised
His monumental pile.
'Twas meant in scorn; they did not see
The glory-rays meanwhile.

They could not see--their eyes were closed,
Nor hear--their ears were sealed---
The song of triumph that went up
From that dread battle-field.

High, high it rose to Heaven's courts.
Telling of duty done;
Self-sacrifice for conscience sake---
A martyr's crown thus won.

More costly tomb he could not have---
Built with human hearts!
Resplendent light will linger there
Till Time itself departs.

O, erring men! and did ye think
That ye could war with God?
The hero-martyr passed to heaven;
Ye wait beneath the rod.

IN MEMORIAM

W. W. P. A.

"There is no death."

He is not dead! he has exchanged
The dust-soiled robes of life
For vestures of immortal light,
With heavenly beauty rife

He is not dead! a slumber deep
Enfolds him in its rest:
No pain nor grief nor haunting dream,
Can mar repose so blest.

He is not dead, but gone before,
"Into the silent-land;"
There parted friends will welcome him,
A holy angel band.

He is not dead! friends, sorrow not,
Nor weep as without hope;
Those eyes, now veiled to earthly scenes,
On glories bright will ope.

IN MEMORIAM

J. C. J.

Ripe for the harvest! gathered now
Into the Saviour's fold;
Sheltered from Summer's scorching heat.
And Winter's blasting cold.

Meekly he followed in the path,
By the Redeemer trod;
Safe is the path, O earthly friends!
It leadeth up to God.

With outspread wings his spirit stood,
Waiting to take its flight,
"Upward and onward" through life's mists.
Where beams celestial light.

Mourn not, O friends! O Christian friends!
Mourn not his upward flight;
'Tis well with him---bright, endless day,
And there is no more night.

IN MEMORIAM

C. A. M.

Death found strange beauty on that cherub brow
And dash'd it out."

Strange beauty on thy brow, sweet babe.
Strange light within thy eye;
How could we dream that one so fair,
So idolized, should die!

We could not see the angel throng
Gathered around thy bed,
We could not hear the song they sung,
Or mark the path they led.

Death came and sealed thy sunny eyes;
We knew it was God's will;
And bowed our heads, and taught our hearts
To whisper, "Peace, be still."

Thou'rt sleeping in thy lowly bed,
Beneath the spreading tree;
Rest, baby, rest---a little time,
And we will come to thee.



IN MEMORIAM

W. M. R.

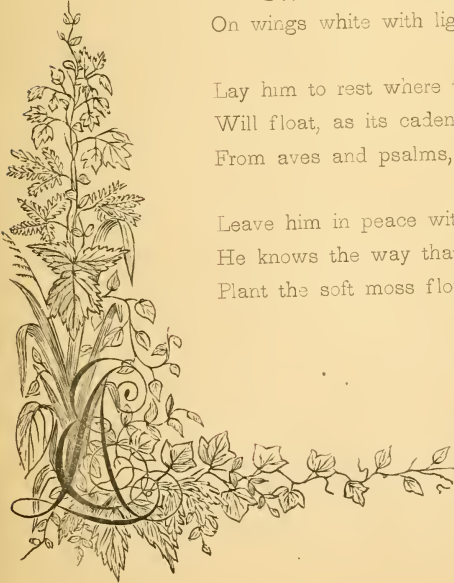
Tenderly, lovingly lay him to rest
Where the sunbeams gleam from the rose-hued West;
Plant the soft moss flowers over his breast.

Idly his harp on the willow is hung;
Ah! never again shall the chords be strung,
Or its musical notes o'er the world be flung.

Lay him to rest where the forest trees moan.
Lovingly, softly his spirit has flown
On wings white with light, to the Holy Throne.

Lay him to rest where the chime from the bells
Will float, as its cadence rises and swells
From aves and psalms, through the wooded dells.

Leave him in peace with his Father, God!
He knows the way that His earth-child has trod.
Plant the soft moss flowers over the sod.



IN MEMORIAM

M. J. D.

Dust unto dust! and so we gave
Her body to the earth:
Life unto life! death's surging wave
Gave her immortal birth;
Opened for her the pearly gate
To mansions of the blest;
For they who on the Master wait,
Shall find the promised rest.

We see the gleaming bridge of light
O'er which our loved ones cross:
Away, away beyond our sight--
Their gain, but ours the loss.
The bridge of light--it heavenward tends:
Standing on either side,
The angels waiting, greet our friends,
And bear them o'er the tide.

And this the chant, as each new guest
Is guided safely o'er--
"Rest for the weary-hearted, rest,
Pain, death, shall be no more."
The asphodels bloom pure and white
Along the heavenly road;
Our loved ones with a halo bright,
Journey to meet our God.

IN MEMORIAM

J. M. B.

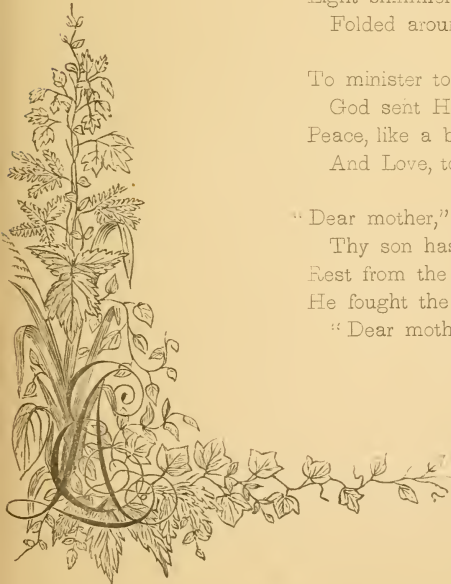
Gone to the spirit-land,
Whence earthly shadows fled,
His saintly eyes are open now
To immortality.

Freighted with faith and hope
He walked the aisles of earth,
With patience and submission stood
Awaiting second birth.

The bow of promise arched
In glory o'er his head;
Light shimmered, as from angels' wings
Folded around his bed.

To minister to him
God sent His spirits twain:
Peace, like a benediction came.
And Love, to free from pain.

"Dear mother," weep no more,
Thy son has perfect rest;
Rest from the toil and cares of earth,
He fought the fight; he reached the Heaven,
"Dear mother," it is best.

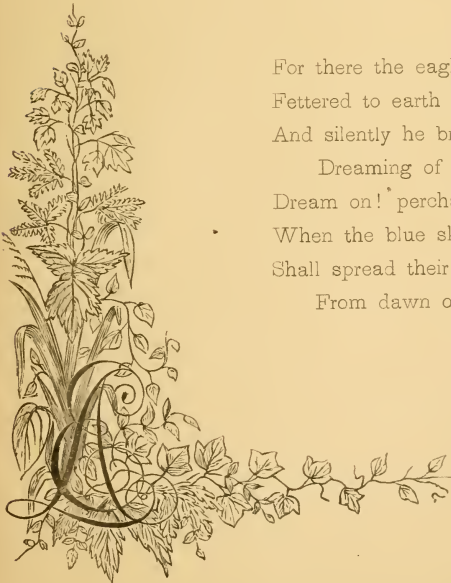


ROME.

Written before Italy's independence was acknowledged by Austria.

"Land of my longing!" 'tis not Rome,
With marble halls and gilded dome.
And alcoves filled with many a tome
Of quaint and ancient lore;
With pictures born of artist thought,
And statues inspiration wrought:
A holy shrine by pilgrims sought
From near and far off shore.

For there the eagle soars in vain,
Fettered to earth with iron chain,
And silently he broods in pain
Dreaming of life and light.
Dream on! perchance the day shall be
When the blue skies of Italy
Shall spread their arch o'er nation free.
From dawn of morn till night.



"Land of my longing!" from afar
The lambent glory of a star
Points out the way: no cloud to mar
The vision of repose.
For weary hands, the earth-work done,
For tired feet, the earth-race run,
Beyond, beyond the setting sun,
Land where the spirit grows.



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